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A PILGRIMAGE TO SELBORNE.

WHEN lately in England, I found time to perform what I had long had in expectation, a pilgrimage to the tomb of that most amiable and industrious naturalist, Gilbert White of Selborne. Pilgrimages in the present day are happily less fatiguing and dangerous than they were in the days of Thomas à Becket. For the ancient and prescriptive staff and scrip, we substitute a travelling-bag and railway-carriage, or, what is still better, a postchaise; and with these conveniences, I had, on the present occasion, so little to complain of, that my pilgrimage did not, from first to last, produce single adventure. The thing, indeed, is perhaps too easily done. You have only to take the railway from Nine Elms to a station about forty miles distant on the line, and then get across the country in a southerly direction to Alton, whence it is a drive or walk of a few miles to Selborne. Circumstances led me to make a wider stretch. I had been on a trip to Portsmouth, and instead of returning to town by rail, proceeded across the country by Petersfield, so as to strike on the line at the proper distance from London.

Accommodated with a vehicle at Petersfield, our little party approached Selborne from the south-west, our way being by a country road full of all sorts of crooks and bends, ups and downs, every turn disclosing some new object of rural interest. Now we would be brought right up in front of a bank overhanging with dog-roses in full blossom; then we would turn round on a little hamlet with a slip of green before it, on which were merrily scampering two or three Hampshire pigs; next we would have to give room on the narrow pathway for the passage of a loaded wain, driven by a sturdy peasant in his smock-frock, who would politely—*who says the English are not courteous?*—touch his round white hat as he came under the fire of bright eyes from the carriage window. Having emancipated ourselves from the winding efflorescent alleys, we at length came to a kind of open but irregular-shaped valley, surrounded by woody heights, and in the centre of which was the object of our excursion—the far-famed village of Selborne.

The word village, however, is scarcely a proper designation for this interesting place. There is no exactly regular street, neither is there much continuity of houses. The dwellings of the ordinary English rural character are pitched about here and there, some on the tops of banks, others low down; one class brisks and forward, coming perking out to the edge of the roadway, another more modestly retiring; and the whole a good deal mixed up with trees, gardens, ricks, barns, and other country things. Rather more than half-way through the village—to call it by that name—you arrive, on the right hand or south side, at the principal inn, a

mansion of two storeys, with a projecting sign over the doorway. The establishment is quite the species of hostelry which I like best to be set down at. Instead of a rush of waiters with white towels, the sudden stoppage of the wheels brings to the door a little flaxen-haired maiden, who curtseys, and waits till her mother, the mistress of the mansion, and her father, the red-faced, good-natured Boniface, arrive—the said Boniface being no way rubicund from ongoing at the tap, far from it, but from fair out-door labour, as is proved from his being without his coat, and his hands fresh from a bit of work in the sort of half-garden half-orchard with which the house is two-thirds environed.

The arrival of a party of ladies and gentlemen in a carriage at the inn of Selborne is of course not an everyday event; at the same time it does not make any extraordinary fracas, and, with suitable hospitality and composure, you are invited to step in and walk up stairs. No, no; we will just sit down a moment in the parlour, if you please, in order to get a little local knowledge from our host, who is obligingly ready to give ample directions as to what we should do and see. He has it all at his finger-ends, and can fortify everything he says with a big old edition of White, which he drags from a cupboard, and lays before us on the parlour table. But we have brought with us a little handy edition,* which, with much new information, and a map to boot, is a far better book, and this rather disconcerts Boniface. But he rallies, and kindly offers to conduct us to Gilbert's shrine: we cruelly decline this too, at which he is again a trifle nonplussed; but we put him in the best possible humour by ordering dinner, and telling him we shall be back at three, after a pretty long walk round the village, as far as the Hanger in the one direction, and the Priory in the other.

So this is all settled. The ladies leave their shawls, for the weather has become rather warm; but they say they will take their parasols, not so much on account of the sun, as of a heavy blackish cloud which is suspiciously peeping over the edge of the Hanger, and almost as good as threatening something mischievous to a couple of new bonnets.

Contrary to the fashion of most cities, the 'west end' of Selborne is in the east; and proceeding in that direction, we arrive immediately in front of the house once occupied by the Whites, but altered somewhat from what it was when inhabited by the naturalist. It is a substantial edifice of two storeys, the walls of faded brick, slightly time-worn; and being dignified with a flower-pot in front, it possesses a decided dash of aristocracy, so far as outward appearances are concerned. Latterly,

* White's Natural History of Selborne; a new edition with notes. By Edward Blyth. London: W. S. Orr and Co. Paternoster Row. 1838.

the mansion has been acquired by a new resident, and the grounds behind, so often spoken of by Gilbert, are in the course of considerable improvement; for one thing, the lawn now seems to extend from the house all the way to the foot of the Hanger, and this imparts additional beauties to a spot which had always been elegant and pleasing in its features.

Gilbert White, who made this locality so famous, was the eldest son of John White, a gentleman of small fortune in Selborne, and was born in 1720. After receiving his school education at Basingstoke, he was admitted at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1739; in 1746 he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts; and in 1752, became one of the senior proctors of the university. Contented with these scholarly honours, Mr White retired to Selborne, where, on his moderate patrimony, he proposed to devote his life to the study of nature and general literary occupation. It is commonly imagined that he became the ecclesiastical incumbent of the parish; but this is a mistake. Gilbert White was a country gentleman, who spent his existence in his native village only from choice, not in the exercise of any professional duty.

About 1768, he commenced the remarkable series of letters to Thomas Pennant and the Hon. Daines Barrington on subjects of natural history, which form the popular work known as the 'Natural History of Selborne.' These letters are matchless for their minute yet graphic and entertaining notices of the soil, climate, vegetable productions, animals, social characteristics, &c. peculiar to the parish. Out of what would be called the most dull and uninteresting materials, he has elaborated a most amusing and instructive narrative. The charm of the book is its exceeding naïveté. Every appearance, every fact, everything in the least degree bearing on the great object he had in view, is related with an apparent unconsciousness of its forming a contribution to the body of human knowledge.

The following may be taken as examples:-

Talking of bats, he observes—"I was much entertained last summer with a tame bat, which would take flies out of a person's hand. If you gave it anything to eat, it brought its wings round before the mouth, hovering and hiding its head in the manner of birds of prey when they feed. The adroitness it showed in shearing off the wings of the flies, which were always rejected, was worthy of observation, and pleased me much. Insects seemed to be most acceptable, though it did not refuse raw flesh when offered; so that the notion that bats go down chimneys and gnaw men's bacon, seems no improbable story. While I amused myself with this wonderful quadruped, I saw it several times confute the vulgar opinion that bats, when down on a flat surface, cannot get on the wing again, by rising with great ease from the floor. It ran, I observed, with more despatch than I was aware of, but in a most ridiculous and grotesque manner."

One day, in walking in the fields, he sees a mouse of a remarkable species, which attracts his attention. It was the *Mus musculus*; and making inquiries into the habits of this pretty little creature, he writes as follows to Pennant on the subject:-"These mice never enter into houses, are carried into ricks and barns with the sheaves, abound in harvest, and build their nests amidst the straws of the corn above the ground, and sometimes in thistles. They breed as many as eight at a litter, in a little round nest composed of the blades of grass or wheat. One of these nests I procured this autumn, most artificially platted, and composed of the blades of wheat; perfectly round, and about the size of a cricket-ball; with the aperture so ingeniously closed, that there was no discovering to what part it belonged. It was so compact and well filled, that it would roll across the table without being discomposed, though it contained eight little mice that were naked and blind. As this nest was perfectly full, how could the dam come at her litter respectively, so as to administer a test to each? Perhaps she opens different places for that purpose, adjusting

them again when the business is over; but she could not possibly be contained herself in the ball with her young, which, moreover, would be daily increasing in bulk. This wonderful procreant cradle, and elegant instance of the efforts of instinct, was found in a wheat-field, suspended in the head of a thistle." Recurring afterwards to these mice, he says, 'Two of them, in a scale, weighed down just one copper halfpenny, which is about the third of an ounce avoirdupois, so that I suppose they are the smallest quadrupeds in this island.'

So he alludes to and describes the habits and appearance of numerous insects, reptiles, and other living things. Among other pets, he domesticated a small land tortoise, which he called Timothy. The habits of this poor little foreigner seem to have attracted much of his attention, and been the subject of numerous harmless experiments. Timothy lived thirty years at Selborne, and, to appearance, was contented with this long captivity; but on one occasion he made his escape, and was brought back in disgrace. As an instance of the playful humour of the naturalist, I present the following supposititious letter of Timothy to a lady, giving an account of himself and his sorrows. It was found among Mr White's papers after his decease.

MOST RESPECTED LADY—Having seen but little of this great world, conversed but little, and read less, I feel myself much at a loss how to entertain so intelligent a correspondent. Unless you will let me write about myself, my answer will be very short. Know, then, that I am an American, and was born in the year 1734, in the province of Virginia, in the midst of a savannah that lay between large tobacco plantation and a creek of the sea. Here I spent my youthful days among my relations with much satisfaction, and saw around me many venerable kinsmen, who attained to great ages without any interruption from distempers. Longevity is so general among our species, that a funeral is quite a rare occurrence. I can just remember the death of my great-great-grandfather, who departed this life in the 160th year of his age. Happy should I have been in the enjoyment of my native climate and the society of my friends, had not a sea-boy, who was wandering about to see what he could pick up, surprised me as I was sunning myself under a bank, and whipping me into his wallet, carried me aboard his ship. The circumstances of our voyage are not worthy of recital; I only remember that the rippling of the water against the sides of our vessel as we sailed along was a very lulling and composing sound, which served to soothe my slumbers as I lay in the hold. We had a short voyage, and came to anchor on the coast of England, in the harbour of Chichester. In that city my kidnapper sold me for half-a-crown to a country gentleman who came up to attend an election. I was immediately packed in a basket, and carried, slung by the servant's side, to their place of abode. As they rode very hard for forty miles, and as I had never been on horseback before, I found myself somewhat giddy with my airy jaunt. My purchaser, who was a great humorist, after showing me to some of his neighbours, and giving me the name of Timothy, took little further notice of me, so I fell under the care of his lady, a benevolent woman, whose humane attention extended to the meanest of her retainers. With this gentlewoman I remained almost forty years, living in a little walled-in court in the front of her house, and enjoying much quiet, and as much satisfaction as I could expect without society, which I often languished after. At last the good old lady died at a very advanced age, such as even a tortoise would call a great age, and I then became the property of her nephew. This man, my present master, dug me out of my winter retreat, and packing me in a deal box, jumbled me eighty miles in a postchaise to my present abode. I was sore shaken by this expedition, which was the worst journey I ever experienced. In my present situation I enjoy many advantages, such as the range of an extensive garden, affording a variety of sun and shade, and abounding in lettuces, poppies, kidney-beans, and many other salubrious and delectable

herbs and plants, and especially with a great choice of delicate gooseberries! But still at times I miss my good old mistress, whose grave and regular deportment suited best with my disposition; for you must know that my present master is what men call a naturalist, and much visited by people of that turn, who often put him on whimsical experiments, such as feeling my pulse, putting me in a tub of water to try if I can swim, &c. and twice in the year I am carried to the grocer's to be weighed; that it may be seen how much I am wasted during the months of my abstinence, and how much I gain by feasting during summer. Upon these occasions I am placed in the scale on my back, where I sprawl about, to the great diversion of the shopkeeper's children. * * These are some of my grievances; but they sit very light on me in comparison of what remains behind. Know, then, tender-hearted lady, that my great misfortune, and what I have never divulged to any one before, is the want of society with my own kind. It was in the month of May last that I resolved to elope from my place of confinement; for my fancy had represented to me that probably many agreeable tortoises of both sexes might inhabit the heights of Baker's Hill, or the extensive plains of the neighbouring meadow, both of which I could discern from the terrace. One sunny morning I watched my opportunity, found the wicket open, eluded the vigilance of the gardener, and escaped into the saint-foin, which began to be in bloom, and thence to the beans. I was missing eight days, wandering in this wilderness of sweets, and exploring the meadow at times. But my pains were all to no purpose; I could find no society such as I sought for. I began to grow hungry, and to wish myself at home. I therefore came forth in sight, and surrendered myself up to Thomas, who had been inconsolable in my absence. Thus, madam, have I given you a faithful account of my satisfactions and sorrows, the latter of which are mostly uppermost. You are a lady, I understand, of much sensibility; let me, therefore, make my case your own in the following manner, and then you will judge of my feelings:—Suppose you were to be kidnapped away to-morrow, in the bloom of your life, to a land of tortoises, and were never to see again a human face for fifty years! Think on this, dear lady, and pity your sorrowful reptile.—TIMOTHY.

Passing Mr White's residence, we went towards the church, in front of which is an open space of ground called the Pleystow, or Plesstor [*locus ludorum*, the place of village festivities], having on one side the vicarage, a new and handsome edifice. The churchyard, which we enter freely by a wicket, is a plain but neat enclosure, dotted over with tombstones, one of which, with the simple inscription, 'G. W., 26th June 1793,' marks the lowly and scarcely distinguishable grave of the naturalist, and the date of his decease. Near the entrance to the church still stands an old yew of great size, to which Mr White thus alludes in one of his most pleasing letters:—'It seems to have been several centuries, and is probably coeval with the church, and therefore may be deemed an antiquity. The body is squat, short, and thick, and measures twenty-three feet in the girth, supporting a head of suitable extent to its bulk. This is a male tree, which in the spring sheds clouds of dust, and fills the atmosphere around with its farina. As far as we have been able to observe, the males of this species become much larger than the females, and it has so fallen out that most of the yew-trees in the churchyards of this neighbourhood are males; but this must have been matter of mere accident, since men, when they first planted yews, little dreamed that there were sexes in trees.'

The church is a heavy Gothic edifice, of the reign, it is believed, of Henry VII., and remarkable for nothing inside but a painting over the communion-table, in the style of Holbein. Near this antique work of art is a marble tablet in the wall, with a Latin inscription commemorative of the virtues of Gilbert White. To the archaeologist, White's very minute history of the church and parish of Selborne is doubtless full of interest. It

was more in my way, however, to inquire into the social characteristics of the district; and what so likely to throw light on this branch of affairs as the church register? Having, accordingly, inquired for this important record, which is kept in the vestry, I found that, in 1845, there took place eleven marriages, and that of the twenty-two persons united in holy wedlock, only seven could sign their name! It is a fact; fifteen subscribed with a mark, and so likewise did some of the witnesses. Oh national disgrace! England, art thou not ashamed of thyself, thus to rear thy sons and daughters in ignorance of letters! The clerk, who was our conductor, was at any rate ashamed; but he eagerly took refuge in the fact, that, by means of a school recently set up in the parish, the young ones would most likely be able to read a bit, and to sign their name when they grew up. I hope the visitor of Selborne, twenty years hence, will find the good clerk's prognostication verified.

Having done with the church and churchyard, we next crossed a field, and ascended the Hanger. This hill, which is often mentioned by White, is finely covered with beeches, which, at the time of our visit, were in full leaf. The ascent is rendered comparatively easy by a zig-zag pathway, leading to the top, on which is an open down, or sheep-walk, described as 'a pleasing park-like spot, jutting out on the verge of the hill country, where it begins to break down into the plains, and commanding a very engaging view, being an assemblage of hill, dale, woodlands, heath, and water. The prospect is bounded to the south-east and east by the vast range of mountains called the Sussex Downs, by Guild-down near Guilford, and by the downs round Dorking and Rye-gate, in Surrey, to the north-east, which altogether, with the country beyond Alton and Farnham, form a noble and extensive outline.'

From the Hanger, we returned by a winding lane, and pursuing our way through the village, got into the valley of the Bourne, on the opposite side. Here we had a charming rural walk, for about a mile, to the Priory. Of this place White presents an ample and interesting account. Here, it seems, was founded a priory in 1232, by Peter de la Roche, bishop of Winchester, on his return from the Holy Land. This establishment, in virtue of royal and other grants, rose to considerable local importance, and continued as a conventional foundation till 1468, when it was suppressed by its ecclesiastical superiors, and its revenues and privileges united to Magdalene College, Oxford. For a time, a chaplain, and one or two other functionaries, were maintained within the defunct priory, but at length even this small establishment was withdrawn; the buildings were left to go to ruin; and finally the very ruins were cleared away; so that latterly there was not a vestige remaining of the ancient religious settlement. In the present day, the site is occupied by a farm-house, in the garden of which, laid within an alcove, we found a few encaustic tiles—the only relics left to point out the abode of the learned churchman, Peter de la Roche.

From this secluded spot we rambled to other scenes mentioned by White, everywhere having occasion to admire the fidelity of his descriptions. I need hardly say, it is impossible to make these rounds without giving all honour to the man who, by his laborious exertions, has clothed the place with so many delightful associations—made so much out of little—framed so instructive and eloquent a book out of rambles over a few fields noway remarkable for their features. The country appears so little changed, that we can almost fancy the fine old figure of Gilbert stalking about, cane in hand, peering into holes and corners in quest of beetles, casting his eye upwards watching the flight of swallows, or mounting a stile in quest of a tenant hedgehog. It is undesirable that all should be naturalists, like this amiable enthusiast; but every one of us may take a lesson from his lifelong labours, and try to be useful in our generation. Whether we reside in villa or cot, we can occupy many idle hours in the

pursuit and enjoyment, and even in the spread of knowledge. If so unfortunate as to possess no taste for investigating the works of nature, perhaps we have a fancy for matters of social concern. If we can add nothing to natural history, we can surely extend a helping hand to some beneficial institution in the neighbourhood. Where so much ignorance and prejudice has to be cleared away—so much has to be done by parish libraries, temperance societies, insurance associations, and other aids—who need spend his life in worthless indolence—who shall *do* nothing in return for the gifts which have been showered upon him by a gracious Providence?

It was now nearly three o'clock, and time to retrace our steps to the inn, where, on our arrival, we found dinner set out in an upper apartment overlooking the winding dell through which we had lately been strolling. I need hardly say that, by the united exertions of the household, a capital meal was prepared and put before us. And so well appetised were we from our long walk, that the little fair-haired girl, who acted as waiter, was kept on the trot, supplying us with dishes of hot chops as each successively disappeared. I only add, that if the reader wants to enjoy a country walk and a country dinner, he knows where to go. About five o'clock, sending the ladies in the chaise round to Alton, we crossed the fields on foot, climbing perhaps as many as a dozen wooden stiles by the way, and zig-zagging to view points of scenery or geological features of the country mentioned by White, whose book was in constant requisition. Pretty well tired by this post-prandial fest of pedestrianism, we at length reached Alton, got a fresh chaise to the railway station at Winchfield, whence we were in little more than an hour conveyed to Nine Elms. And so terminated my long-wished-for and much-enjoyed pilgrimage to Selborne.

SCIPIO CRACKLES.

A NARRATIVE OF AMERICAN NEGRO LIFE.*

I HAPPENED, on one of my journeys on the upper waters of the Trinity River, to lose my way—a by no means unfrequent occurrence with the traveller in the American wilds. On this occasion I was so far distant from the boat by which I passed from place to place, that I had no choice but to camp out in the forest for the night, or find some shelter. Preferring the latter, if practicable, I made a circuit through the forest in the hope of falling upon a trail. For some time I searched in vain, but at length reached an open glade, where a beaten path rewarded my exertions. Stepping out firmly, I had not proceeded far when I heard the sound of human footsteps in advance, and seizing my rifle, in case of any awkward result, shouted loudly for the man in advance to pause.

'I wait, massa,' was the reply, proclaiming the stranger to be a negro.

Making as rapid progress as possible, I soon came up with the black, who was calmly seated on a log awaiting my approach. Used as I was to the severe, servile laws of Texas, the man's appearance somewhat surprised, and for a moment alarmed me, as a negro maroon was not likely to be alone. Clothed in a trapper's garb—fat, sleek, and happy-looking—the negro was further armed with musket and knife, against the practice of the country, which denies to slaves the use of arms. A couple of huge wild turkeys showed that he had been on no unsuccessful hunt, while there was something so thoroughly honest in his look, that my most injurious suspicion flew away ere hardly it had existed. Our

greeting was friendly; for, much to the horror of many of my American friends, I always treated negroes as I would have done a white man of the same class, which, in a country where it was illegal for a free black to reside, made me often somewhat obnoxious.

'Well, friend,' said I, 'I am glad to meet you, for I have lost my way, and am both hungry and weary. I suppose I can find both food and shelter at your master's house?'

'Ees, massa,' said the sturdy black with a broad grin; 'I 'spect I show you war you find 'em.'

I thanked him, and, as we advanced, pursued the conversation. I saw that the black looked surprised, and I speedily informed him that I was an Englishman, who regarded not the colour of the skin, but looked with the same satisfaction on an honest negro as on an honest white man. The darkie though scarcely able to credit me, was delighted, and entered with spirit into the questions which I asked him. I found him intelligent, lively, and with a singular degree of independence, that puzzled, while it gratified me. At length we emerged from the forest; and just as I discovered a rude log-hut, a field of corn, a few stray pigs and fowls, breaking agreeably the late monotony of timber, my companion exclaimed with pride, 'Dere, massa—dere my house, and me very glad to see you.'

I was much surprised. A negro squatter was a novelty which I had never before seen, and I began to hope a valuable discovery in my new friend. Preceding me with rapid step, the black gained the door of his habitation, where a sable girl, of about three-and-twenty, and three diminutive specimens of dark humanity, stood awaiting his approach. I followed, and being heartily invited to enter, found myself in a neat log-hut, furnished with all the usual conveniences of frontier dwellings. All was clean and sweet, while to the right of the fireplace were two chambers apportioned off as sleeping apartments. I had, while on my way, explained that I was hungry, and the black girl at once, on her husband's mentioning this fact, busied herself in preparing a savoury meal. It was soon ready, and smoking on the pine board. I advanced to the table, and saw that but one knife and platter had been laid. 'My friends,' said I with a smile, 'are you not going to eat with me? When I seek hospitality, I never turn the master from his meal.'

The negroes looked puzzled. For a white man to consent to sit down to the same meal with blacks, was to them a novelty of a startling character, and it was with difficulty I could make them join me. When, however, they did, it was with no small animation and delight. After we had discussed a very hearty meal, the negro produced a keg of spruce beer, and, placing a couple of mugs on the table, prepared, over this harmless beverage, to satisfy a curiosity I had not sought to conceal from him.

It appeared that Scipio Crackles—for by this uncouth name was he known—was born upon the estate of one Colonel Ephraim Jones, in one of the Carolinas; I do not think proper to mention which. At a very early age he had succeeded in gaining the affections of a fellow-slave, Judith by name, a young negro girl, in whose shining ebony skin, white teeth, and merry eyes, he could see more beauty than is found by many a European lover in the mistress of his heart. Their master making no objection to the match, they were speedily married. Colonel Ephraim was a just and righteous man, who, deplored his being born a slave-owner, knew not how to remedy the evil. He was merciful, however, to both man and beast; and his blacks enjoyed as much happiness as can ever be found in a state of physical bondage, and consequent moral degradation. Many of the negroes are happy: the happiness, however, too much of animals, unconscious of the blessings which their false position deprives them of. Perhaps this state of existence was never more benign than with our young couple, who were looking forward to the supreme satisfaction of being parents, when the colonel died. Great was the

* The facts of this narrative were communicated to the writer in manuscript, by a friend who resided many years in Texas, and whose words have, as much as possible, been preserved.

grief of all his blacks, mourning one who had lightened their anomalous and peculiar position as far as possible; but greater was their consternation, when it was announced that the heir-at-law, a merchant in a non-slaveholding state, had ordered the property to be sold by auction in various lots, the blacks of course to be included in the arrangement. The heir was a zealous abolitionist, and so abhorred the idea of owning a man, even for a day, that he hurried on the sale as fast as possible, having no objection to possess the value of his human cattle.* To none was this intelligence more disastrous than to Scipio Crackles and his dusky little wife; for they well knew how likely it was they should be purchased by different masters, when they might be separated without mercy, and perhaps never meet again; for, though united by a minister of religion, the law made no provision for keeping sacred the marriage tie. There was one law for the free, another for those in bondage.

The day of sale approached, and the arrivals from all parts were numerous, while Judith in the meantime became a mother. It was on a Monday morning when the sale began. It were useless, as it would be most painful, to follow all its details; suffice that, about dusk, Scipio was made to ascend a platform, and there, exposed to the whole audience, was put up to auction to the highest bidder; a scene which, though it may be glossed over, as it has been by many writers, can awaken but one sensation in every justly-constituted mind. A man exposed for sale by man! Scipio was a likely youth—he was tall, robust, and well-made, and he found many candidates for the honour of possessing him. At length he was knocked down to one Jabez Minton, a blacksmith, who saw in the slave, or rather in his thumbs and sinews, a very proper pupil for the forge and sledge-hammer. A deadly sickness overcame the young negro; for he knew Jabez Minton to be one who was little likely to encumber himself with poor Judith and his week-old infant.

Judith was now put up, and on her the auctioneer lavished all his eloquence, pointing out, as temptations to give a high price, her youth, her comeliness, and all the many charms which had won the susceptible heart of poor Scipio. The auctioneer was a bit of a wag, and loved a joke; accordingly, he dilated on the sable attractions of the young mother, who, cowering on the platform, with her infant in her arms, gazed wistfully at the husband from whom it seemed she was likely to be severed. The auctioneer meanwhile proceeded. He called her the 'yaller flower of the forest,' dilated on her youth, and the healthy babe she carried; on the excellent qualities which she must possess as a domestic servant; nor were his least encomiums lavished on her beauty. In truth, she was the prettiest negro girl that could be found in all the Carolinas. The seller of human flesh was successful in attaining his object. The bidding started high, and was rapid. Several entered into competition, but none more strenuously than the young Squire Archer of the Crow Ferry. Poor Scipio—whose position is common wherever the curse of slavery exists—sat the image of despair, his heart sinking within him, and his whole soul pervaded by a feeling of hopelessness. The scene was one, indeed, to which no pen or pencil could do justice. It lays naked, however, in its full deformity, the scourge of bondage. In vain the husband looked imploringly at Jabez; that worthy was whittling a stick, and calculating the weekly profit of his purchase. Still the sale continued. The bidding was at seven hundred dollars, the highest market value of a female slave. 'One hundred for the pickaninny,' said one bidder, 'and that's eight hundred dollars.'

'A thousand for the lot,' replied Squire Archer fiercely—and they were his. A general titter followed; for in offering two hundred dollars above the utmost value,

the young man had betrayed that the good looks of the negro girl had weighed not a little with him—a matter which, amongst the slave-owners, was regarded as a very good joke. With a sensation which may be imagined, poor Scipio saw her become the property of the unscrupulous young squire, who by this purchase became her sole master, with scarcely any limitation but that of taking her life, which, had he done, would have probably cost him a fine of some five hundred dollars.

Jabez Minton, the blacksmith, dwelt about half a mile from the estate of Squire Archer, and to his dwelling the unfortunate Scipio was taken that very night. The blacksmith lived in the largest house in the village, which is the less surprising, as it served the purpose of inn, alehouse, and farriery. Scipio was at once put into harness. He was told to officiate as waiter to the numerous guests brought together by the sale, and, amongst others, on the squire, who had sent Judith home to his house. As they were not separated, therefore, by any very great distance, Scipio was not without hope that their several masters might permit them still to continue to be united, and dwell in a hut of their own, as was often done by considerate slave-owners, the chief stumbling-block being the question of whose property the children were. Watching, therefore, his opportunity, Crackles placed himself in the squire's way, and with a very humble obedience begged a word with him. 'Well, darkie, what is it?' said the squire, who had his good points; 'is it a picayune to drink my health?'

'No, massa,' replied Scipio, with a slight tinge of pride in his tone; 'but him Scipio ask a berry great favour.'

'Speak out, nigger; I am in a hurry.'

'Well, massa,' continued the negro, 'you buy him nigga wife and pickaninny, and Scip he want to larn if square obiect to Scipio have a hut, whar him lib wid him wife, and go when his work done?'

'Why, you black vermin,' said the squire wrathfully, 'I have a great mind to horsewhip you. What have you to do with Judith now? I bought her, not you; and if I catch you only speaking to one of my slaves, I will have you whipped at a cart's tail.' With these words the planter re-entered the parlour of the village alehouse, followed by the disappointed Crackles, who, however, never said a word, but continued to perform the duty assigned him without a murmur.

About midnight, Crow Ferry, as the squire's house was called, from its propinquity to a ford of that name, was wrapped in gloomy darkness. The clouds sailed darkly overhead; not a star even was visible. A light, however, burned in a window, which overlooked a kind of lawn. The window was open, and through it could be seen the planter walking up and down, as if reflecting upon some purpose, from which even his somewhat hardened nature shrank. At length he muttered, 'Pshaw! he is only a negro; why should I acknowledge his claim? I am not bound to buy the husband with the wife, and his sale destroys their union. What have I to do with the whinings of my slaves? It must be.'

'What must be, massa?' said Scipio, stepping through the open window, and standing before the astounded planter, armed with a cutlass and musket. His men were proud and threatening, and the consciousness that he stood there by a sacred right to claim his babe and its mother, gave him an air of solemn firmness, which made the tyrannical slave-owner tremble. 'Scipio is come for him wife and him pickaninny, massa. Don't call, or him nigger hab to use de sword. Him offer fair enough before, and now him hab no choice.'

The planter was so surprised at this unexpected act of courage in one of a class usually so abject, and who generally suffered oppression without a murmur—so when some fearful tragedy showed on what a volcano men were sleeping securely—that he suffered himself to be prostrated, and bound hand and foot, without a struggle. Recovering himself, however, he spoke

* Human cattle is a harsh word; but slaves in America are really no other, as the leading incident of this narrative will abundantly testify.

'Scipio,' he said; 'idiot, do you know what you are about? Your life will not be half forfeiture enough.'

'So him 'spect, massa; but him not set widout tink. Scipio don't mean show him black face in dese parts again for a long chalk. But where 'um wife?' The planter made no reply, relapsing into a sullen silence, during which he was dwelling with acute satisfaction on the punishment—signal and condign—which should be the price of the negro's audacity. Scipio, however, assumed so threatening an attitude, that Mr Archer thought it wise to inform him where the young negress slept, taking care, however, that his information should not be correct. Scipio guessed as much, but took no notice of what the other said, proceeding, with singular calmness, to gag the prostrate planter. He then laid his musket and cutlass beside him, and, armed only with a pistol, left the room.

Advancing rapidly across the corridor, Scipio, with instinctive sagacity, and with a calculation which afterwards surprised him, found the hall where the servants were accustomed to meet. Here, as he expected, he found a negro asleep on the floor, awaiting the planter's retiring to rest ere he sought his bed. Awaking him with a shake, after putting out the light, Scipio said, 'Ha, gilly! what you sleep for? Massa want to speak to Miss Judith. War her room, you old nigga?'

'Well, I 'spect you wake Job ont ob 'lightful dream. Fetch Judith yoself out of dar,' pointing to a door which opened out of the hall. Scipio replied not, but suffering Job to relapse into the enjoyment of his much-loved slumbers, reached the door, and entered. On a rude pallet lay Judith, sleeping with her infant babe. The negro paused to look on her by the moon's pale light, as lovely, indeed, to his eyes, she rested in a slumber as soft as that of an infant. With regret he awoke her, and giving her no time for speech, took the child in his arms, and bade her follow him. In the hall, whither Judith, half bewildered, hurried with her husband, they found no watch; and in a few words explaining all, Scipio resumed his arms, and left the house.

Near the ford were two horses belonging to the squire, which Scipio had captured, and intended leaving for him to recover ere he left the state. The negro had fully made up his mind to risk all the dreadful penalties of a runaway slave—imprisonment, branding, and perhaps the loss of ears, anything to him was preferable to seeing the young wife of his bosom torn from him by a white master. Crossing the river by swimming the horses, without wakening the ferryman, Scipio, followed by his faithful and delighted wife, travelled hard all that night, halting only at dawn. Now began that series of tactics which the negro was compelled to follow in order to evade capture. He was well aware that, before a week was over, every newspaper in the slave states would contain a full description of his person, with a large reward for his capture, and that his only hope was to travel at night, and lie scrupulously hid all day. Scipio had therefore taken precautions; and leaving his wife and child in the centre of a thicket with the horses, he sallied forth in search of food. A truant pig supplied this day the wants of nature, which, having cooked at a distance, he brought to his camp, where he remained all day with his wife, planning the details of their escape to Texas, where alone there was hope of safety. At nightfall they started, and next day the same arrangements were followed. For three weeks, guided only by the sun and moon, and the friendly directions of some negro on whom they lighted, did the fugitives proceed, until at length they reached the banks of a great river, which could not be crossed except by a boat, and where it was determined to leave the horses. The dilemma was a serious one, as no doubt their story was by this time in everybody's mouth. Still Scipio did not despair. The forest grew down to the very banks of the river, and, in order to watch their opportunity, the devoted couple had camped close to the ferry. Their object was to cross at dusk, and to travel

all night; and accordingly, about sundown, they were more particular in their examination of the position of affairs. The ferry-house was close at hand; above it, on the bank, was an alehouse, in front of which were two most suspicious-looking characters. Their broad-brimmed hats, shabby, and covered with crape, their cow-hide whips, their coarse and brutal jests, their whole demeanour and air, proclaimed them slave-hunters; and, after a careful examination of their faces, Scipio saw that they were tracked. His only remaining hope was to get across the river, which, in the face of these two worthies, was no easy matter. After a few moments' consideration, the negro decided on a bold and daring act, which, while it risked all, gave also every reason to hope for complete success.

Tying his clothes on his head, and placing his arms over all, the negro plunged into the river, far above the ferry, and leaving his wife, swam across. A few minutes elapsed, and then a negro voice was heard from the opposite landing shouting loudly, 'Hollo, you old Sambo!'—the ferrymen was a negro—'kim and bring ober my massa, Colonel Jenkins, and him lady.' At the same moment Judith emerged from the turning which led from a neighbouring village, sauntering along the road towards the ferry. 'What 'um say,' said she, 'Massa Jenkins and him lady? Why dat my massa and missus. Take a nigga girl across?'

'Berry fine,' said the old negro, showing his white teeth. 'Colonel Jenkins hab to pay for four den?' Judith making no objections to this, the ferrymen unmoored his boat, and was about to depart.

'Hollo!' cried one of the slave-hunters; 'who is that girl?'

'All right, Massa Sleacomb; dis gal Cabnal Jenkins's nuss,' the old ferrymen unwittingly assisting the deceit.

No opposition being offered, the boatman pulled across, and was met on the bank by Scipio with a pistol in his hand. He told the astounded negro at once who he was; and learned that, as he supposed, the two seedy-looking individuals drinking at the alehouse were in search of him. Scipio told him to inform them that Squire Archer's horses were in the copse, and that he returned them with pleasure to the owner's agents. The trembling ferrymen promised obedience, and would have wended his way back; but Scipio arrested his progress, by inquiring if there were any other boats near at hand. Learning that there was not one, he pushed the ferry-boat violently out into the current, in the hope that it would not reach the shore for some miles; and after showing the sable Charon that, consistent with his own safety, he could have done nothing else, the fugitive, now on foot, and with his babe in his arms, continued his perilous journey.

Nearly three months elapsed ere, after traversing the most unfrequented parts of the states, Scipio and his wife reached Texas. Their sufferings, often from fatigue and hunger, were intense; their powder being more than once exhausted, and only renewed by the connivance of some poor cottager, to whom they dared to unfold their tale, being never once—in the honour of the rude settlers be it said—betrayed or harmed. Love and hope, and the sweets of liberty, alone sustained them; and at length, from indications which had been pointed out, they felt certain they had reached Texas. Resting for a few days, they then looked around, and after careful examination, hit upon the spot where I fell in with them, which they had occupied three years when I met them. By supplying boats with provisions, and a stray steamer with wood, and by accommodating the few travellers who came that way, they contrived at last to collect around them the rude comforts which are all that are necessary in the wilds; and rich in the knowledge of the evils they had escaped, dwelt happy and contented, dispensing cheerfully hospitality when required, and deeply grateful for any trifles added to their store.

I departed early next morning, and for a long time

heard no more of them. At length, however, it came to my ears that a free black, dwelling on the upper waters of the Trinity, had removed with his family to Santa Fé, in New Mexico, apprehensive that the annexation of Texas to the union of the states might militate against his liberty. I made no remark at the time, but I knew well they spoke of Scipio Crackles.

THE POETIC INSTINCT.

We have already endeavoured to present a concise and intelligible view of the essential nature of poetry,* forming our judgment, such as it may be, from the productions of those original thinkers who wrote from the inspiration of their own hearts—in whom genius was ‘born, not made’—rather than of that more numerous host who have striven, with various degrees of success, to follow in their footsteps. However opposite ‘the average’ may have been in judging of statistics, it has led men widely astray in forming an estimation of poetry. Here, as in morality, the highest conceivable standard is that by which all must be judged. We cannot learn the nature of sterling gold by examining a piece of pinchbeck, however similar they may appear to a superficial observer; nor can we judge worthily of poetry from that which is at best but a clever imitation. We now purpose extending our remarks to a consideration of the mental operations which are absolutely necessary to the development or discernment of truth, when we shall be better able to distinguish that which is essentially the poetic element, the peculiar endowment of all great poets, of all profound and original thinkers.

There are three distinct modes, or mental operations, by which truth is discovered; namely, observation, logical perception, and what may be called instinctive education; and these operations are all indispensable to the development of a single universal truth. That observation alone is not sufficient for this purpose, is evident from the fact that all human observation must necessarily be limited. We may by observation ascertain a general rule; but it would require universal observation to ascertain, of itself, a universal law. This fact is too evident to need any further illustration: it will be equally evident, with a little consideration, that the addition of logical perception, or the mere faculty of *reasoning*, would not enable the mind to perform the required function. All reasoning is confessedly based upon the principle developed by Aristotle, that ‘whatever is predicated (that is, affirmed or denied) universally of any class of things, may be predicated in like manner (namely, affirmed or denied) of anything comprehended in that class.’ It is clear, then, that the first requisite to any argument must be to know what may be predicated universally, that is to say, without exception, of the given class. Having ascertained this, we may then ‘infer’ that such predicate belongs to any particular individual of that class—the inference, let it be noted, being previously expressed in the universal predication, technically called the major premiss. But it will be observed that this major premiss is just the universal truth which we have to discover; and yet every act of reasoning requires that this shall be fully established before a single step can be taken. How, then, do we arrive at such a truth? In some instances, it is true, the major premiss may be established by simple observation: for instance, we may ascertain by observation, that *all* the words in a given page are English, and then infer, from that proposition, that any particular word in that page is English. This would be a perfectly sound argument, but it would be utterly puerile; because the particular truth inferred must necessarily have been ascertained while establishing the general truth. And this must be the case with all arguments whose major premises are established by mere observation.

That the *process of reasoning* is unable to develop, from the mere results of observation, any new truth; that is, any truth not already contained in the premises, is distinctly admitted by Dr Whately in his admirable ‘Elements of Logic;’ and yet he has an imperfect statement of this matter, which, like a ravelled thread, becomes a web of entanglement to many of his remarks on ‘the discovery of truth.’ In order to trace distinctly the abstract process of reasoning, he substitutes (as in algebra) certain arbitrary unmeaning symbols for the significant terms generally used; thus, ‘every B is A; C is B; therefore C is A.’ Upon this he remarks—‘Viewing, then, the syllogism thus expressed, it appears clearly that “A stands for *anything whatever* that is affirmed of a certain entire class” (namely, of *every B*), “which class comprehends or contains in it *something else*;” namely, C (of which B is, in the second premiss, affirmed); and that, consequently, the first term (A) is, in the conclusion, predicated of the third C.’

Now, if C really *is* B, as is affirmed (not merely equal to it), how can it be ‘*something else*? Such an expression evidently involves a positive contradiction. The following, then, seems to be a more correct and intelligible statement of the case:—A stands for *anything whatever* that is affirmed of a certain entire class; namely, of *every B*, which class comprehends certain particulars; namely, certain Bs. C is B; that is, is one of those particulars. But *every B is A*; consequently C, the given particular, is A.

Dr Whately proceeds—‘Now, to assert the validity of this process now before us, is to state the *very dictum* we are treating of [namely, Aristotle’s, already quoted], with hardly even a verbal alteration; namely—

1. Anything whatever predicated of a whole class.
2. Under which class *something else* is contained.
3. May be predicated of that which is so contained.’

If the preceding observations are correct, this statement should evidently be as follows:—

1. Anything whatever predicated of a whole class.
2. Under which class certain particulars are contained.
3. May be predicated of *any particular* so contained.

This may perhaps appear to some of our readers rather too abstract an inquiry to afford them much interest; but we must intreat their patient attention to this point, for the truth of our subsequent remarks will mainly depend upon the correctness of the position now taken; and surely it must be a matter of some interest to every thoughtful mind to trace to their source ideas constituting our peculiar inheritance as intelligent and progressive beings? If, as Dr Whately expresses it, the ‘whole class’ indicated in the major premiss may contain or comprehend ‘*something else*;’ that is to say, something not absolutely expressed in the general term indicative of that class, then we may imagine that this ‘*something*’ involves some new truth, which we may by reasoning, in some unknown way, elicit from mere sensuous impressions. This, however, would be virtually asserting that we know nothing concerning the nature of a logical sequence. But, on the other hand, if we see clearly that the ‘whole class’ is merely a technical term, signifying an aggregate of perfectly similar particulars (having no reference, so far as the given argument is concerned, to *anything else*), and that a ‘logical deduction’ is merely the assertion of the truism, that whatever is predicated of *all* the particulars may be, or rather actually is, predicated of any one of them, we shall then see that *reasoning*, with the assistance of observation merely, cannot be productive of a single idea. If these were the only means we possessed of acquiring ideas, the process of reasoning would evidently be useless, since it could lead to nothing that was not previously ascertained by observation, and confirm nothing that observation had not already confirmed. In fact, observation would be our only means of investigating truth, and reasoning, the boast of the logician, so long regarded as infallible, would dwindle to the mere echo of a truism.

We are thus brought unavoidably to the conclusion,

* See No. 118 of this Journal.

that the process of reasoning of itself adds nothing to observation; and yet we know that reasoning, when properly employed, is not a mere puerility. We know that it does produce conviction in the mind; in short, we know that it is indispensable. And more than this, we know that the higher order of truths are widely different from the facts made known to us by mere observation. How, then, did they originally come? Not from without assuredly; nor by mere reasoning upon outward facts, as we have shown: the answer, then, is unavoidable—they are a revelation from within. This brings us to a consideration of the third mental operation; namely, instinctive education. In developing this idea, we shall also have an opportunity of ascertaining the real use or function of the reasoning process.

In the first place, let us clearly understand that, without observation, we could have no ideas whatever. This is evident, for all our ideas must be respecting something; they must have reference to some object; and the mind can only become cognisant of objects, either by its own observation, or from report of the observation of others. We could not even imagine an object having no relation to anything we have either seen or heard of; the most that we can do in this respect is to modify, to separate, or recombine. But, on the other hand, a mere impression on the senses does not constitute an idea: a person might see an object distinctly enough, and yet be unable to form a single idea respecting it. What idea could an uncultivated savage form of many of the contrivances and customs of civilised life? The nearest approach he could make to a definite idea, would be the negative one of their apparent uselessness; or else his mind would be occupied with a feeling of vague wonder: but his ideas would necessarily be circumscribed within the limits of his own experience. The only way by which he could be brought to form an intelligent conception of any such contrivance, &c. would be to show it to him in operation, and thus explain to him its purpose; but even then he would not be able to realise the conception, unless it answered to and awakened some desire or ability in his own mind. If, for instance, he should be a warrior, he would, in all probability, readily comprehend the purpose and nature of a warlike instrument; if, again, he should be of industrious, peaceful habits, an agricultural or domestic contrivance would be more intelligible. Thus his idea of the instrument or contrivance would depend on two conditions; namely, the accuracy of his observation, and the distinctness with which he *felt its use*. It is in the nature and various development of these desires and instincts that the several human races differ from each other; they, in fact, give character to the mind. The savage is often as acute in observing, and as shrewd in deducing logical conclusions, within the limits of his experience and wants, as the more cultivated European; but he can never realise the same intellectual conceptions, without first awakening in his own mind the feelings and aspirations which called them into being. This illustration may serve to show the distinction between a mere sensuous impression and an intellectual conception of any given object. The one is but an unmeaning image; the other has become a practical reality—a living idea: the dust of the ground is enkindled with the breath of life.

There is a similar distinction between the 'dry facts' of science and those vital principles by which they are rendered intelligible, and thereby actually converted into a portion of our mental constitution. The recognition of the law, upon the truth of which all our researches and actions depend—namely, the uniformity of nature's operations—is as clearly a matter of instinct as the perception of distances, or the regulation of muscular force, or even as the perception of beauty or sublimity. These instincts are not anything independently of the objects to which they refer: they all require to be awakened and developed; and they may all be quickened by cultivation, and by the conscious aid

of the judgment; but we can no more prevent their development when their respective objects are presented, than we can, by a simple effort of the will, cease to live.

It would not come within the scope of the present article to attempt an enumeration of the principal instincts of the human mind; nor perhaps would it be necessary, if men—ay, and women too, for they are not shut out from the circle of conscious life, however ill-adapted they may be for logical encounters—would but observe the tendencies and actions of their own minds, unmystified by the controversies of the metaphysical schools. There is, however, one instinct of such general service, that we cannot do better than venture a few words in its elucidation, more especially as by so doing we shall develop the mode by which all the others operate: we allude to the tendency of all minds, from the child to the cultivated philosopher, to judge of that which is unknown or obscure from that which is familiar or self-evident. Truisms as the proposition may appear when stated, its importance has been strangely overlooked; it expresses, indeed, the surely of exhaustless originality, the means of acquiring every new idea. It is this power which connects the soul with the outward universe: without this, the mind would be utterly unconscious, a mere aimless impulse, an active force without direction; in fact, it could not exist, and external nature, although present to our senses, would be to us but an unmeaning blank.

In order to judge adequately of the universality and importance of this power, it will be necessary for us to see what that is which can be strictly termed self-evident. Now, it must be clear to all who reflect upon the subject, that this term properly and only includes our whole conscious life—not merely the consciousness of existence, but the entire experience of our own feelings: that which is self-evident, is simply our own feelings; in other words, our own intuitive perceptions. If we feel the sensation of hunger, we do not require either logical or inductive evidence to prove to ourselves that we are hungry; we *feel it*, and the evidence is complete. The case is similar with any other feeling. We like one thing, and we dislike another, often without knowing why; yet the feeling is as self-evident as our own existence—it, in fact, constitutes a portion of our individual consciousness. But, as before remarked, a feeling does not constitute an idea; nor can we be conscious of its nature, perhaps not even of its existence, except in reference to its appropriate object. All our ideas seem to arise from this union; in some cases, however, the object simply calls forth the feeling or innate perception; in others, the feeling gives purpose and meaning to the object. Here, then, are two distinct classes of ideas; the one intuitive or self-evident, the other apparent or evident to the senses. These two orders of truth constitute the source and basis of all that we can know or imagine, the poetry and prose of human experience—instinct, or education; and observation, or induction. Their respective natures are clearly seen in geometry: the one order consisting of 'axioms,' the other of 'definitions'; in other words, of universal truths and of special facts.

We are now in a position to see clearly the use and importance of 'reasoning.' Every universal truth must be perceived by education; either immediately, or else derivatively, from a higher truth; while, on the other hand, every special fact must be discerned by observation. Now, the purpose of reasoning is evidently to connect the two; to refer the lower to the higher for illumination, and thus to discern an additional truth respecting it. This additional truth may, and indeed should, be really a 'new truth'; that is to say, a truth not before recognised. It is neither obtained directly by education, as an axiom, nor directly by observation, as a definition; but mediately from both, by reasoning or logical perception. For instance, it is a logical truth that the angles of an equilateral triangle are equal to each other. We might suppose this to be the case, and

by measuring we might find that it really was so in all the instances we had tried; but we could not, without the aid of reasoning, see that it must necessarily be so in all instances. Thus logical perception, instead of being an idle toy or a mischievous delusion, as some have imagined, is seen to be an instrument of inestimable value in groping our way from darkness into light. It enables the mind to discern, by successive advances, that which it could not discern by a single glance.

Let us now return to a consideration of what we have regarded as the fundamental law by which all instinctive intelligence is developed. That we judge of unfamiliar objects by comparing them with those objects which are familiar, is a well-known fact; but the law we speak of involves far more than this. We have already seen that that which is self-evident is, strictly speaking, our own innate perceptions. Now, it is only by these perceptions that we can form any idea of those properties of an object which are not evident to the senses. The infant, at the first dawning of intelligence, conveys to its mouth everything that is put in its way. The reason evidently is, that its most distinct perceptions are those connected with nutrition; and it is by these perceptions that it estimates all objects discerned by its senses. This may be regarded as its first distant approach to any intelligible idea. After a time, as the social feelings become developed, its impressions of surrounding objects gradually change. Its first limited impression is corrected by experience, and it now becomes conscious of wider and more varied sympathies; yet still it obeys the same law of its mental constitution. The child still refers its own innate perceptions to the objects around; at first without discrimination, imagining, so far as it forms an idea of the matter, that every object is possessed of similar consciousness, similar feelings, and similar thoughts with itself. This is evident from the sympathising conduct and prattle of children when amusing themselves with their little toys, and thus manifesting in freedom the impulses and impressions of their young hearts. And this is probably the only way in which a child could form an intelligible idea of any object. The case is similar with nations of primitive or childlike habits. Thus they judge of that which would otherwise be obscure, from their own conscious knowledge. This power has, moreover, been the characteristic of the poet in all ages. Let us not be mistaken: we speak not of those dainty amateurs who know poetry merely as an 'imitative art'; who, when they have fulfilled the technical requirements of their respective schools, imagine, forthwith, that they have produced genuine poetry; but of those marvellous spirits with whom the poetic impulse has been an unconquerable reality—men whose hearts have been touched with the living fire of inspiration. It is from such men that we have learned to honour the name of the poet; and it is of such a poet that we now speak. Endowed with sympathies too earnest and truthful to permit him to gaze with vacant eye upon the wonders of creation, he also has walked in the footsteps of the child, and illuminated every object in his path by the light kindled in his own soul. Nor is this light a mere fantastic delusion; the gravest philosopher can do no more than discriminate its rays. In truth, all nature is a reflex of humanity. The laws which govern the universe, and those by which the mind is developed, have a distinct and immutable relation to each other; else would nature be altogether incomprehensible—a vast accumulation of unmeaning facts. What ideas could we form of attraction or repulsion, of equality, of dependence, of connexion, of immutability, and of a host of kindred reconcile properties, essential to a philosophical idea, unless we judged from our own instinctive conceptions? Whatever may be the subject, we must have something known by which it may be judged, or we could evidently form no idea respecting it. If sensuous impressions constituted the only source of intelligence, we should never be able to rise

above them: we could not form a rational idea; we could not understand any object; we should merely be conscious of it as a sensuous impression. But if, as we maintain, our instinctive perceptions constitute the living germs of every genuine idea; and if the senses only serve to connect the mind with external objects, it must be evident that we cannot assign the limit beyond which the human mind is incapable of rising, until we have ascertained the extent and altitude of its whole instinctive nature. We may, to some extent, measure its past achievements, or its present manifestations, but we cannot prescribe limits to its future capabilities.

What folly, then, is implied in the intellectual prostration of modern science! Nothing but induction, 'rigid induction,' is the scientific cant of the day. Men seem to make it a point of conscience, and sometimes of pitiful pride, to keep their minds for ever creeping on the earth: communing but little with their own souls, they have expected ideas to spring up out of the facts they so industriously collected. As well might they hope to see the stones of the ground put forth leaves and branches, and become fruit-bearing trees! Were such men as Galileo and Newton *mere observers* of outward objects? Did they bring nothing from the laboratories of their own souls to the accomplishment of their wondrous tasks? Did the father of induction himself bring nothing to his labours but a willing pen and an observing eye? On the contrary, it is his highest praise that he so clearly described what had yet to become an outward fact. He, assuredly, more than most men, wrote from his own instinctive perceptions. He felt that men were wasting their energies upon idle mystifications of words—words with which no appreciable ideas were connected; and in order to turn their talents to more profitable account, he taught them to leave their scholastic quibbles, and turn to tangible things; to look not to the combinations of unmeaning terms, but to the properties of real objects. In so doing, he unquestionably rendered mankind a most signal service, the sterling value of which we are not even now in a condition fully to estimate. Indeed, his reputed followers seem disposed to thwart the good he did, by listening only to his precepts, and refusing to take a lesson from his yet more important example. If there was a need, in the time of Bacon, to call men's attention from mere words to objects, there is an equal necessity now for us to render those objects intelligible by illumination from within. The present age, teeming as it is with important and interesting facts, is yet strangely barren in all that contributes to the actual growth of a noble and living philosophy.

No philosophy can possibly be merely inductive, for, as we have seen, its very existence depends on the connection of our instinctive perceptions with external objects. We may continue to accumulate facts, we may pile stone upon stone, until the ungainly heap, like the pyramids of Egypt, bear imperishable witness to our futile assiduity; but we can never erect a noble and useful structure, unless an exalted and harmonious conception be embodied in the work. The vast accumulations of modern industry (whether of capital or of scientific facts) can only become serviceable to the great brotherhood of humanity, in the proportion that the industry is ennobled by an earnest and truthful spirit. This spirit is the poetic element of our existence; it is mainly by the progressive development of this instinctive nature, that mankind have advanced in intelligence, morality, and social enjoyment. By an 'original mind,' we do not mean one that has been actively employed in accumulating facts, however necessary this labour may be, but one that has developed new ideas; in other words, one whose instinctive perception is not overwhelmed by conventionalities, or by *mere induction*. If this freshness and originality of mind (commonly spoken of as 'genius') be manifested in reference to life and human passions, we call a man so gifted 'a poet'; but if the same originality be shown in explaining the un-

seen operations of nature, we then speak of 'a philosopher?' in either case, the ground of originality is the same; namely, poetic instinct, or instinctive education.

If, then, instinctive education constitutes so important a power in the development of truth, it presents a question of great practical value for our consideration. How can it be best cultivated and rendered serviceable? The answer is simple and evident: if it really is truth that we desire, we must seek it with a true-hearted affection, with a singleness and integrity of purpose. It is mere folly to flatter ourselves that we can really and honestly seek after truth, while our own private aggrandisement ranks foremost in our minds. Is it not clear, that whilst self-interest is the leading motive of our lives, we shall always be seeking to favour and confirm our own opinions, even although truth should suffer? We must learn to love truth because it is true; not because it is our own opinion, or because it is the opinion of some individual whose genius or whose virtues we may respect. Truth should be felt as something sacred and immutable; altogether above mere personal favour or selfish predilection. We are all too apt to value truth less for its own intrinsic worth, than because we have identified it with ourselves. Add to this the well-known fact, that we are ever too ready to adopt those errors which sanction or encourage our own corrupt inclinations; and we may discern in these two principles the source and stronghold of the various delusions which have blinded or perverted the human intellect. Seeing, then, that the mind is so cunning to its own overthrow and abasement, it is well for us that we have been provided with some less mutable standard of truth, to which we may refer each other, and which may serve as a test of its intrinsic reality. This test is to be found in its use or power of beneficial application. In reference to philosophy, whatever tends best to explain the wonders of creation, and to elevate our thoughts to a just conception of its divine Author, is, by the very terms of the case, the nearest approximation to the truth; and the same, in reference to morality, of whatever will best promote the happiness of the whole human family. To form an adequate judgment of this requires the co-operation of our whole conscious or intellectual nature, generally spoken of under the comprehensive term 'reason.' This term we have now endeavoured to render somewhat more intelligible than it has hitherto been; and although feeling strongly the disparity between the success of the attempt and the importance of the subject, we yet venture to hope that we may not have written altogether in vain.

LIFE AT THE WATER CURE.*

This is a remarkable and highly amusing book, somewhat like the celebrated *Bubbles from the Brunnens*, and likely, if we are not much mistaken, to do more for the advancement of hydropathy than any previous publication; so great is the power of readability. The author is a well-known artist in the department of lithography, the brother of the Mr Lane who has written so successfully on Egypt. It is a capital example of a class of books—written by men of general talents, but whose exertions have been in fields apart from literature—which, from their freshness of thought and expression, often throw the writings of professed literary men into the shade. Mr Lane tells us that, from overbleeding in youth, and the effects of severe professional application during twenty-five subsequent years, he had reached a state of bad health imminently threatening. He had severe neuralgic pains, and felt

the approaches of paralysis. In this condition he was induced, in May last year, to commence a month's attendance at Dr Wilson's hydropathic establishment at Malvern. The book is mainly a journal of the proceedings of that period, which ended in the banishment of most of the disagreeable symptoms by which the author had been visited.

Ask a common doctor about the water cure, and he tells you it is a dangerous quackery, which you ought not to countenance in any way. Possibly, he adds a description of the 'miserable patients,' and cites an array of fatal cases. Look into Mr Lane's book, and you find descriptions of the most cheerful possible life, mingled with accounts of the most wonderful, as well as real cures. Dr Wilson he describes as placed by private fortune above all mercenary motives—a sagacious, kind-natured man, proud to be the oracle and minister of nature in what he believes to be one of her appointed means of restoring to health and vigour the human frame. What a strange contrariety of opinion! There is this, however, to be said in favour of the water people, that they approve from knowledge and experience, while the doctors condemn upon presumption. One thing we can tell ordinary medical men, that a system so dubious, and in many of its features so abominable as theirs, has but a poor chance, in the eyes of reflecting persons, against any more natural-looking and practically more pleasant system, which is supported by such testimony as we find in this volume. This we say, treating the question of the water cure quite hypothetically.

Mr Lane, who was accompanied by his son Ned, a youth of fifteen, took at once kindly to the treatment and life at Malvern. The neighbouring hills form delightful walking ground, refreshed every here and there with charming springs of the purest water. The style of living at the house, though strictly temperate, was not without relish; the company extremely agreeable. He began with the shallow bath, then proceeded to 'packing' in the wet sheet, and finally, when strengthened, to the 'douche,' or cascade bath, using the sitz and foot baths at least once each day. On the third morning we find him saying—'A sense of present happiness, of joyous spirits, of confidence in my proceedings, possessed me.' On the fifth—'Every habit, every temper of mind induced by this system, presents to the mind salutary and thankful thoughts.' The cheerfulness here spoken of is fully evidenced as a general feature of the water cure, by the pleasantries—we could almost say frolics—which went on throughout the whole period of Mr Lane's stay. The men and women were as boys and girls engaged in the sports of vacation time. As an example—

'After dinner I begged to be enlightened respecting some displays of discipline and subordination that I had remarked during the meal; and found that a section of the patients, who happened to be personal friends (with liberty to add to their numbers), had adopted the fagging system after the manner of public schools, with this refreshing peculiarity—the ladies were in every case the masters. The result of this seemed to me a never-failing merriment, not only among those who held office, but the less favoured of us, and impressed me with a happy anticipation of the month to be passed in such company. Wishing them all well, I yet hoped that none might be so very well as to go away during my stay.'

'I found that Sir E. Bulwer Lytton originated the idea about a month ago, and moved the address; the senior lady, Mrs Delmour, seconded the motion, and when the measure was discussed in committee, proposed an amendment, suggested by the presumption of Mr Hope, her destined fag, who asked whether he was to be "single-handed," and if so, who was to do the dirty work?—to get gingerbread, for instance, from the pastry-cook's, at moment's notice, regardless of rain or mud. An animated debate ensued, and it was conceded that, in certain cases, when a lady was disposed to be exigente, her fag should have "a boy under him." Sir

* *Life at the Water Cure, or a Month at Malvern: a Diary.* By Richard J. Lane. With numerous illustrations. London: Longman and Co. 1846. Pp. 266.

† Since we noticed Mr Wright's book, *Six Months at Gravenberg*, another work on this new regimen has fallen into our hands.

—*Results of Hydropathy,* by Edward Johnson, M.D. It is strictly

of a professional character, and details many cases which it may be of advantage to invalids to consult.

Edward having, on the instant, applied for this place under Mr Hope, "only just" wished to know what were the perquisites; and was answered that, as the ladies' means were limited, they would give no stated salary the first month, during which time the fag must consider himself "on trial." To this stroke of policy many loudly objected, until Mrs Delmour's soft persuasive voice stilled the clamour. She urged upon their notice that the office of fag must be profitable as mental discipline; that her fag would be expected to walk with, not after, her (great applause); that he need not appear in livery until dinner-time (immense applause); and that he would incur no expense for beer, or tea and sugar. So, for a happy home, and to be treated as one of the family, the ladies would expect that all talk of perquisites would be dropped.

The men then conferred aside for a few minutes, and it was refreshing to see one, who had been loudest in his opposition, step forward, and state for himself and his friends, that, upon the broad principle of "wages no object," they had resolved to abide by the rules made and provided; that, if found fault with, no fag would presume to answer, on no account; that, in case of extra work, each would help the others—make himself generally useful; and that they had no doubt of giving the greatest of satisfactions.

The sketches of the patients are delightful, from a Quaker, Bradley, who is earnest and worthy, to Miss Aspin, who smuggles in clandestine eatables, and has a warming-pan collared by the doctor on its way up to her bedroom. The author's favourite is a fine kind-hearted reflecting young fellow, whom he calls Sterling. They take their long morning walks together. One morning—Sterling remarked, as we went along the grassy path to the wells, that we might readily fancy ourselves pacing the pasture of the lower range of the Alps. He owes the doctor a "dodge" for an unlucky remark which he made in the fulness of sincerity. The doctor passed some compliment upon Sterling's manners, and added, "Do you know, I at first thought you rather lackadaisical." Sterling mentioned this to me as a thing scarcely credible, and appealed to me inquiringly, as if to demand an equal show of indignation on my part. The more he allowed his mind to dwell on the subject, the more angry he became, and he eventually vowed vengeance. Lackadaisical! He would buy a shilling's worth of tarts, and give them to the ladies under the doctor's very nose! Alarmed at this most awful threat, I felt it my duty to try to soften the matter. It was perfectly right to punish the doctor. I quite agreed to that; "but when he spoke to me about you, he gave quite a different opinion." Sterling's curiosity was thus excited, and I told him that the doctor had conceived him to be "a medical student in disguise; come less as a patient than to see the establishment." I had put my foot in it. Already inflammable, I had applied a match—in my innocent desire to soothe, if not smother the flame. "A medical student! medical! Why medical?" I ventured to suggest his long hair. This was the first personal allusion that I had made to my new friend, and it made him thoughtful. "Bardon talks of my hair too," said he. [Bardon was the attendant, who assists in the ablutions.] "Yesterday, after douche, he said, when I conceived myself quite ready to start off, 'You haven't done your hair, sir.' This morning, after the bath, he held me a little hand-glass that I might look at my hair." He again threatened the tarts; and as I saw no chance of altogether diverting him from his purpose, I proposed that he should moderate himself down to gingerbread, and that I would join him so far. He objected that gingerbread was scarcely wrong, and would give no promise; his then feeling was, that he would buy the tarts, and shirk his sitz! I begged that we might drop the subject for the present; and, as we went along, Sterling lectured me about driving, which, from the cramped position and inactivity, he pronounced scarcely better than sitting at home. As we had walked full six miles at that time, I was in a state to agree

with him, being in a glorious glow, and as active as a dancer. I had reason to be sure, as we entered the house, that Sterling held his purpose as to the tarts.

'How we enjoyed our breakfast, earned by seven miles' walk! We were to douche at twelve. At half-past eleven, Sterling, having deliberately carried out his vindictive purpose, walked into the room with his cargo of tarts, and with a grace—as if there was no harm in it—handed them to the ladies, and all partook, except himself. We then started together to the douche baths, and he was better. Having douched, I heard a laugh in the next dressing-room, and was afterwards told that Bardon had been as solicitous as before with the looking-glass, comb, and brush. I had worked an hour before the douche; and we now started off like giants refreshed. Mounting the hill, we saw some boys playing with hoops, and Sterling wanted to make one. After the manner of dear old Mathews, he so successfully adapted himself to their sport, first by his talk, and then by taking a good run with the biggest boy's hoop, that when I put the finishing touch by saying to one, "He's a funny fellow, isn't he?" a perfect understanding and companionship was established between them, and he was in all respects the big boy of the party. There was one of us, a very small pale boy, who had no hoop, and yet he ran and jumped and romped with the rest; and another little boy lent him his hoop for a turn. It occurred to me to put him on a footing with the rest, and after a little chat, finding that he hoped some day to possess a hoop, I settled the point with a bright sixpence, and so made him quite happy.

I delight to think how Providence has, with children, tempered their capacities for enjoyment to the circumstances that surround them, and to watch their little wants. Here was a child who had come in for a fortune unexpectedly—who had only looked to a sixpence as a distant possibility. As they grow and get tainted with the world, the degrees of evil are too evident in its advances. The big boy of this party (not Sterling), hearing my inquiries as to the price of a hoop, interposed, "A hoop for that boy will cost a shilling, sir," but he was at once put down by the little one.

A gentleman who came unannounced, and in *extremis*, died, as Dr Wilson expected; the only incident of the kind in his experience. It was proposed by the relations to take away the body, or have the funeral in the morning; but the doctor insisted on all being done openly, and in the usual form. The whole proceeding redounded, says the author, to the doctor's generosity of nature, showing his indifference to false rumours.

Many stray pleasantries enliven the journal, some few of them not quite new, but all appositely brought in. As an artist, Mr Lane is entitled to speak to the following point:—When a lady desires to compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should, just before entering a room, say, "besom," and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect upon the company is evident. If, on the other hand, she wish to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she should say, "brush," the result of which is infallible.

A lady friend more than once dived at the Niagara Falls. Close to the terrific rush of the chief torrent she has sought a baby-fall of about sixty feet, and received the rushing water amid the din of the whole cataract. Well might we add a native's remark to the father of our heroine, while contemplating the tremendous scene: "I say, stranger, that's an almighty water privilege!—suckles mother ocean a deal! You couldn't show us anything so handsome as that in your country."

A gentleman comes to the water cure, suffering from two irreconcilable medicines, self-administered; whereon Mr Lane remarks, that even things congenial, and actually made to meet, often produce distressing results, if not brought together in moderation. Illustration of the remark.—On the first consignment of Seidlitz powders to the capital of Delhi, the monarch

was deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing beverage. (This luxurious potentate, when he heard of the invention of musical clocks, had caused an apartment to be furnished with fifty of those ingenious instruments; and, with taste truly regal, sat in the midst while they were all set to play together. But of the Seidlitz powders.)

A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to his majesty how it was to be used. Into a goblet he put the contents of the twelve blue papers, and having added water, the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance exhibited no sign of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury; and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved in water, and as eagerly swallowed by his majesty. With a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered with the kingdoms, the monarch rose, staggered, exploded; and, in his agonies, screamed, "Hold me down!"—then rushing from the throne, fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long-continued effervescence of the compound, spouting like ten thousand pennyworths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death: a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.'

The anecdotes of the water treatment introduced into this book are numerous. It were tiresome to enter largely into the subject; but there is one case so striking, that we cannot resist quoting it. 'I had begged to be introduced to a lady whose recovery seems to me miraculous, that I might receive her own report of her cure. She had been for nine years paralysed from the waist downwards, her limbs altogether useless. She had been pale and emaciated; and coming to Malvern, had no idea of recovering the use of her limbs, but of attaining bodily health. In five months she had become ruddy and full of health, and then her perseverance in being "packed" twice every day was rewarded. The returning muscular power was in three weeks advanced to perfect recovery of the free use of her limbs. She grew stout and strong, and now walks ten miles daily, being in rude health.' Against this, what is it to a rational human creature that medical men ridicule or condemn that of which perhaps they know nothing?

Mr Lane continues at home the water treatment, and, as far as possible, the Malvern habits. After his morning bathings, he starts from his house near the Regent's Canal on a walk across the Park to Primrose Hill. 'It is melancholy,' he says, 'that the want of a slight effort to break through a bad habit should deprive so many thousands of the luxury of the early morning's walk. The new habit, once formed, is always persisted in, and, to a Londoner, it gives a daily taste of the country.'

'The smoke and filth of the atmosphere have been swept away by the night wind; and before the impurities arise which are engendered by a dense population, we leave the town, and taste untainted air; and while our renewed energies are intent upon the blessings of the new day, in the very enjoyment they are reproduced, as if every object responded to the happy and wholesome excitement.'

'No bad weather deprives me of this walk; nor do I stop to quarrel with the north-east wind, "which, when it bites and blows upon my body," I take thankfully, and ask no questions. I have much to think of in these early walks, and therefore do not seek variety beyond that which ever-changing nature presents. . . . As I advance, I rise high above the houses; and the top of the hill is a mark which completes the half of my walk. If the distance be obscured by mist, I yet am refreshed by the sight of green fields and trees, beautiful even in their winter nakedness; and the sun seldom fails at that early hour to show some sign of greeting, while in the most sultry season it is ever cool and refreshing. In fact, I am prepared to deny, on the faith of a water drinker, that there is such a thing as bad weather for the early walk. Suppose that I look forth in the morn-

ing, and confess that it pours, I am immediately sure that it will abate before I have had my bath, that I may be out to see it clear up; and in the meantime I know that the rain is doing some good.'

'When I get out, I have double enjoyment of the raised gravel-walk and the double-soled boots. The "peiting" is not "pitiless," and I anticipate the treat of retorting upon those who, cold and lazy, come to me and say, "What a wretched morning!" that it is an unqualified and atrocious falsehood. Bad weather!—why, when you have been ten minutes in the air, the glow on the surface makes a light rain delicious, and I take off my hat to it. I see some few riding round the Park, and occasionally one or two driving, but so comforted, and grecated, and chin deep in neckcloth, that I pity their wretched substitute for the healthy glow of exercise. Rely upon it, that walking is the best exercise, riding second, and driving last; and as to weather before breakfast, any weather is not only endurable, it is enjoyable: we may be fastidious at noon. It is, however, the bath that renders the early walk supremely delightful; without it, there is much of effort in the enjoyment, at least with those who are not used to it.'

Mr Lane breakfasts at eight—works till one—drinks and walks—dines at two—rests half an hour—then works till six, when he goes out again for a walk. Sups at eight, and goes to bed before eleven. So living, he is a healthy, happy man.

THE NORTH POLE.

The possibility of reaching the north pole is an idea which has long occupied the minds of enterprising and scientific navigators. Several attempts have been made, and though unsuccessful, the object appears not yet to be given up. Sir W. Parry, in a recent letter to Sir John Barrow, proposes that the intended exploring expedition should winter in Spitzbergen, and then, in the month of April, set out from Hakluyt's Headland, which is six hundred geographical miles from the pole, and endeavour to reach this point by travelling over the yet unbroken-up ice, and, after a short stay, returning again by the end of May, ere yet the summer sun had melted and broken up the ice. Sir John Barrow proposes another plan, founded on the supposition that the polar region is open sea, and free of ice during the summer. He suggests that two small vessels, similar to those sent to the southern or antarctic seas, should be sent to Spitzbergen in early spring, so as to take the opportunity of the polar sea being open, and about the middle of August sail directly for the pole. A month's sailing, at the rate even of twenty miles in the twenty-four hours, would thus be sufficient to reach the point of destination; while a month's stay there, and another month to return, might all be accomplished before the commencement of next winter's frost. That enterprising sailor, Captain Weddel, in a pamphlet published several years ago, demonstrated pretty clearly the probability of an open sea around both the north and south poles, and more recent observations all tend to encourage this idea. The continued presence of the sun above the horizon for six months would afford sufficient heat to melt the accumulated ice of the previous long winter; and if no high land exists in the regions north of Spitzbergen, the probability is, that not more than one season's snow and ice remain or accumulate.

But many may be disposed to ask, What would be the use of such an exploration? To these a reply may be made in the words of an old navigator:—"The north pole is the only thing in the world about which we know nothing, and that want of all knowledge ought to operate as a spur to adopt the means of wiping away that stain of ignorance from this enlightened age." It would be an achievement, certainly, to put one's foot on the very point of the axis around which this mighty globe turns—to look around a horizon above which the summer sun appears to move round and round in its

daily circle without ever ascending or descending, where there is uninterrupted day, and twelve o'clock at midnight is exactly the same in all respects as twelve at noon. At first view, a very erroneous idea might suggest itself—that at this point or pivot the earth's motion would be more perceptibly rapid than at any other point of its surface; that we should, in fact, see the earth spinning round like a wheel or a top. Now the fact is exactly the reverse. The space passed over at the earth's axis is shorter than in any other point of its circumference, and consequently the apparent motion is slower. If you look at the axis of the hour-hand of a watch, no motion is perceptible; but by watching for some time the extremity of the same index, you may observe a perceptible portion of space travelled over in the course of a few minutes.

Perhaps, on reaching the pole, not an inch of land would be found on which to rest. This would increase the difficulties of the visit. For were it all sea, and probably a deep sea, there would be no place of anchorage, and no means of remaining steadily at rest till observations could be made. Besides, by the moving about of the vessel, the reckoning would be unavoidably lost; for the sun, pursuing a uniform line along the horizon, there would be no meridian, and consequently no means of calculating the course in which to steer for home. From this circumstance, it is evident also that the time of day, or rather of the twenty-four hours, would no longer be ascertained by the rising, the noon-day altitude, or setting of the sun; for to an observer at the pole no such changes would take place, except to the small amount of the daily change of declination. Thus not only to the eye, but also for the practical purpose of obtaining the time by astronomical observation, the sun would appear throughout the twenty-four hours neither to rise nor fall, but to describe a circle round the heavens parallel to the horizon. This common method of obtaining the time would entirely fail. Indeed, however startling the fact may seem, it may be asserted with truth that there would be no longer any such thing, strictly speaking, as apparent time in the heavens at all. This will be evident, by reflecting that what is called apparent time refers only to the particular line or meridian on which an observer is placed, and is marked by the approach to, and recession of, the sun from that meridian. An observer at the pole being on no one meridian, but at the point where all meridians meet, apparent time would have to him no longer existence or meaning. In ascertaining any particular position, the compass, it is true, might still be of use. From the discovery of Captain James Ross, it is known that the magnetic pole does not coincide with the true pole of the earth, but that the situation of the former lies in a lower latitude. Now, as it is highly probable that at the pole even the compass would still act freely, the dip of the needle not being so complete as to prevent the horizontal motion still to take place, the pointing of the north pole of the needle to the magnetic pole would be a means of ascertaining the homeward course. The chronometer, too, under a certain modification, would enable the voyagers to ascertain a given meridian. A common watch or chronometer would be useless, because the dial-plate being marked with only twelve hours, when the hour-hand pointed to twelve o'clock, there would be no knowing whether it was twelve at noon or twelve at midnight that was indicated, the sun being equally visible at both. To obviate this, chronometers have been constructed with dial-plates of twenty-four hours, and the hour-hand making only one revolution in that period. Thus, whenever such chronometers indicated apparent noon at Greenwich, the sun would be exactly over the meridian of that place, and so of any other place of known longitude; as, for instance, the harbour where the voyagers had left their ship, and to which they desired to return.

As scientific objects of pursuit, Sir J. Barrow suggests, among others, the measurement of a degree of the meridian, commencing at the pole itself, in order to

decide the actual degree of flattening of the spherical form of the globe which takes place at the poles. Observations on the tides, too, as far as practicable, the winds, oceanic currents, magnetism, the aurora borealis, would all be interesting to science; and indeed it is not possible to say what matters of interest or of practical use might not present themselves to observation on visiting a part of the globe on which the foot of man has never yet trodden.

In the event of finding land, however small the portion around the pole, all these observations would of course be greatly facilitated. It may be presumed that any such land will not be mountainous, as no icebergs are ever sent down from that quarter; these masses having been ascertained to be the production of glaciers on the sides and valleys of high mountains, such as those in Spitzbergen and Greenland. On such land the pendulum could be swung, and the rise, fall, and direction of the tides observed—the land itself could be examined, and the nature of the soil—its organic productions, either of a past or present era, ascertained—and thus a polar flora and fauna be presented to the scientific world.

UNEARNED MONEY.

HOWEVER common may be the desire of sudden wealth, yet it may be safely affirmed that money is never so much enjoyed, nor so pleasantly and judiciously spent, as when hardy-earned. The exertion used in obtaining it is beneficial alike to the health and spirits. It affords pleasure in the contemplation, as the result of effort and industry, a thing which unearned money can never impart; and the natural alternation of labour and relaxation tends to preserve the body in health, and keeps the mind from the injurious extremes of either parsimony or prodigality.

Unearned money, on the contrary, as it is obtained without an effort, so it is often spent without a thought. There is no healthful activity used in acquiring it; no putting forth of those energies, the use of which tends so greatly to elevate and purify; no skill or perseverance called into action; and it is seldom that it is possessed to any great extent without injuring the possessor. It induces a distaste for labour and activity; it lulls to ignoble rest in the lap of circumstances; it allureth to float along with the stream, instead of the healthful labour of stemming the tide of difficulty; and he had need be something more than mortal who can possess much of this unearned money without being in his moral nature somewhat paralysed and debased. Naturally rampant as are the weeds of sloth and sensuality in the human heart, that condition of life in which there is not only work to be done, but work which must be done, will be the safest and best.

And yet how often do foolish parents debar themselves of almost the necessities of life, and drudge on to the latest moment of existence, to send out into the world some pet son with a good supply of this unearned money! How often, in order to secure to one member of a family the coveted title of a 'gentleman,' the greatest illiberality and injustice are exercised towards the rest! Not unfrequently, however, does it happen that these 'gentlemen' turn out the most ungenteel of their family; and the poor, unprovided members, who had nothing but their own energy and industry to look to, rise to a level of respectability and usefulness far superior to the ready-made gentility of their envied relation.

In glancing over the glittering list of those who have made the greatest achievements, whether in art, science, or literature, how few of them, we find, were possessed of unearned money! They were for the most part men of single purpose and patient perseverance; and this was their only wealth. Their genius was nursed in the cradle of toil; and we may safely assert that, with respect to the most of them, had they been born in the enervating lap of independence and abundance, the flame of their genius would have been either dimmed

or extinguished, and the works of a Haydn, a Burns, and a Rembrandt, might have been lost to the world.

Among business men this thirst for unearned money often produces the most disastrous consequences. A bubble company makes out a plausible statement of certain profits, to an amount double or triple those which the plodding tradesman obtains from his ordinary business, and he consequently despises those gains which have enabled him to bring up a family in sufficiency and respectability. Business is neglected, customers are offended: his thoughts and energies are bent in a new direction; and, too late, he wakes from his dream of affluence, to find his business gone, his hope a bubble, and his prospects ruined.

Even when speculations are successful, how seldom is the unearned money acquired by them a real blessing! The mind becomes restless and unsettled; habits of gambling are formed; with the increase of money comes an increase of ambition; and generally the spirit of speculation so grows by what it feeds on, that the speculations become more rash and more hazardous, till the hundredth one, proving disastrous, dissipates in an hour the gain of the ninety-nine preceding fortunate ones. Or if the speculator has that rare command over himself to stop at a given point, satisfied with his success, how seldom does his prosperity prove an increase to his respectability, comfort, or usefulness! Too often does the history of such men furnish a striking illustration of the sentiment of Coleridge—

‘Sudden wealth, full well I know,
Did never happiness bestow.
That wealth to which we were not born,
Dooms us to sorrow or to scorn.’

Seldom is money so obtained spent wisely, and not unfrequently in some absurd manner, that only provokes the contempt and ridicule of all right-thinking men, endowed with better taste and sentiments of greater propriety.

In the disposition of property much harm is often done by thoughtless and ill-judging persons, in leaving a mass of unearned money to one individual, for the foolish gratification of keeping it together, or the selfish one of preventing it from going out of the family. How much more judicious, and, in many cases, more just, would it be to consider the claims of poorer relations, to whom a small sum would be so great an assistance, rather than surround some one individual with what too often proves a temptation and a provocative to idleness and dissipation! As long as we can help others to help themselves, our help is a blessing; but when we help them in such a manner as to supersede the necessity of their own exertion, we injure them morally more than we assist them substantially.

There is also a satisfaction and relish, so to speak, about money hardly-earned, which can never be found in unearned money. The wealthy merchant, whose income has scarcely a limit, will sometimes look back with something like a sigh on the time when he was an apprentice, and feel less pleasure in a hundred-pound note than he then derived from the bright silver sixpence which he had earned with such difficulty. How it was looked at again and again; how carefully it was deposited in a place of security; and how, ever and anon, it was anxiously visited, to see that it had not by any strange chance escaped from its snugger! And then the pleasurable anxieties as to the most desirable way of spending it—the book, the cakes, the present—how difficult it was to choose between claims so equal; how many resolves and re-resolves were taken before the important point was satisfactorily settled! Oh, the possession of that hardly-earned sixpence produced far greater pleasure than any hundred-pound note since! Such a fresh sweetness is there about the ‘wholesome air of poverty,’ for which the luxurious atmosphere of independence and competence is a poor substitute; and the period of life when money was hardly-earned, will generally be found, in the retrospect, the purest and pleasantest of existence.

Undoubtedly the prevalence of unearned money in old countries is one principal reason of the greater amount of profligacy, luxury, and effeminacy of character found in them than in newer ones; and is also, consequently, one great hastener of their downfall. In young countries, men have to earn before they can spend, and the habits of daily toil give a robustness to the body, and independence to the character, and an elevation to the mind, highly beneficial to the whole community. In old countries, however, where there are always numerous individuals who are above the necessity of toil, and who live only to spend, habits of luxury are insensibly formed, dissipation fills up the unoccupied hours, and society becomes listless and enervated. Such are the effects, both on men and nations, of unearned money.

Money seldom makes men better, either physically or morally, and often makes them worse. Seldom does a man become more healthy in his body as money increases; seldom does his mind become more powerful as his purse becomes heavier; not always does his heart beat more benevolently as his wealth accumulates. But if money, even when laudably gained by wholesome exertion and enterprise, be of doubtful or injurious effect upon its possessor, doubly hazardous and baneful must be the possession of that money which is unearned and untoiled for, and which only leaves the disposal of time at the mercy of idle dreaminess or ingenuous mischief, and cherishes the growth of those rank weeds of the heart which are most successfully checked by wholesome exercise and occupation.

Column for the Curious.

THE MINUTE.

MUCH skill and perseverance have been displayed by the ingenuous in all ages in the construction of miniature objects—the purposes to be gained being minuteness of proportions with delicacy of finish. Veritable watches have been set in finger-rings; a dinner-set, with all its appurtenances, placed in a hazel-nut; and a coach and four enclosed in a cherry-stone. Many of these might well be regarded as the result of ingenious trifling, were it not that every exercise of mechanical skill and clever manipulation, though not of itself applicable to any practical purpose, is yet furthering the progress of art, by training the hand to perfection, and leading the mind to new, and, it may be, more useful conceptions. Under this impression, we mean to present our young friends with a few illustrations of tiny mechanism, contrasting them with the infinitely more minute and wonderful organisations of the natural world. If the former can stimulate to imitative skill and industry, the latter may excite wonder and reflection, and thus lead to the study of one of the most interesting and instructive departments of creation.

Among the ancients, the ingenuous seem to have attained a wonderful degree of expertise at this species of fabrication. Ciceron, according to Pliny's report, saw the whole Iliad of Homer written in so fine a character that it could be contained in a nut-shell; and Alcian speaks of one Myrmecides, a Milesian, and of Callicles, a Lacedemonian, the first of whom made an ivory chariot so small and so delicately framed, that a fly with its wing could at the same time cover it and a little ivory ship of the same dimensions; the second formed ants and other little animals out of ivory, which were so extremely small, that their component parts were scarcely to be distinguished with the naked eye. He states also, in the same place, that one of those artists wrote a distich, in golden letters, which he enclosed in the rind of a grain of corn.

The tomb of Confucius, a miniature model of Chinese workmanship, is considered as the most elaborate, costly, and beautiful specimen of Oriental ingenuity ever imported into Europe. It is chiefly composed of the precious metals and Japan work, and adorned with a profusion of gems; but its chief value consists in the labour expended on its execution. Its landscapes, dragons, angels, animals, and human figures, would require several pages of description, which, after all, would, without a view of the model, prove tedious and unintelligible. The late Mr Cox of London declared it to be one of the most extraordinary productions

of art he ever beheld, and that he could not undertake to make one like it for less than £1500.

Among the many curious works of art produced by the monks and nuns of ecclesiastical establishments, none have been so much admired as their fonts, real and in model. On these were often lavished vast sums, and all the ingenuity which the sculptor, carver, or worker in metal could command. The font of Raphael has long been known and admired; that executed by Acavala in 1562, and presented by an emperor of Germany to Philip II. of Spain, may be considered, however, as the most elaborate of such performances. The model is contained in a case of wrought gold, and is itself of box-wood. The general design may be regarded as architectural, embellished with several compartments of sculpture or carving, consisting of various groups of figures in alto and basso relieves. These display different events in the life of Christ, from the Annunciation to his Crucifixion on Mount Calvary. The groups are disposed in panels and niches on the outside, and in different recesses within. Some of the figures are less than a quarter of an inch in height; but though thus minute, are all finished with the greatest precision and skill; and what renders this execution still more curious and admirable, is the delicacy and beauty with which the back and distant figures and objects are executed. Though only twelve inches in height, and from half an inch to four inches in diameter, it is adorned with various architectural ornaments, in the richest style of Gothic, and also figures of the Virgin and child, a pelican with its young, six lions in different attitudes, several inscriptions, and thirteen compositions in basso and alto relieve. The work is said to be of unrivalled merit and beauty, and will bear the most microscopic inspection. It was offered for sale in England about thirty years ago; but we are ignorant of its after-destination.

In the Annual Register for 1764, it is stated that Mr. Arnold, a watchmaker in London, had the honour to present his majesty, George III., with a curious repeating watch of his own construction, set in a ring. Its size was something less than a silver twopence; it contained one hundred and twenty-five different parts, and weighed altogether no more than five pennyweights and seven grains. This species of mechanism, however, is by no means uncommon; the emperor Charles V., as well as James I. of England, are said to have had similar ornaments in the jewels of their rings; and watches, a little larger perhaps, are not unfrequently set in ladies' bracelets. In Kirby's 'Wonderful Museum,' notice is taken of an exhibition at the house of one Boverick, a watchmaker in the Strand (1745), at which were shown, among other things, the following curiosities:—1st, The furniture of a dining-room, with two persons seated at dinner, and a footman in waiting—the whole capable of being enclosed in a cherry-stone; 2d, a landau in ivory, with four persons inside, two postillions, a driver, and six horses—the whole fully mounted and habited, and drawn by a flea; and 3d, a four-wheel open chaise, equally perfect, and weighing only one grain. Another London exhibitor, about the same time, constructed of ivory a tea-table, fully equipped, with urn, teapot, cups, saucers, &c.—the whole being contained in a Barcelona fibbert-shell.

In 1828, a mechanic of Plymouth completed a miniature cannon and carriage, the whole of which only weighed the twenty-ninth part of a grain. The cannon had bore and touch-hole complete; the gun was of steel, the carriage of gold, and the wheels of silver. The workmanship was said to be beautiful, but could only be seen to advantage through a powerful magnifying glass. In the Mechanics' Magazine for 1845, mention is made of a high-pressure steam-engine—the production of a watchmaker who occupies a stand at the Polytechnic Institution—so small, that it stands upon a fourpenny piece, with ground to spare! 'It is,' says our authority, 'the most curious specimen of minute workmanship ever seen, each part being made according to scale, and the whole occupying so small a space, that, with the exception of the fly-wheel, it might be covered with a thimble. It is not simply a model outwardly; it works with the greatest activity by means of atmospheric pressure (in lieu of steam); and the motion of the little thing, as its parts are seen labouring and heaving under the influence, is indescribably curious and beautiful.'

These, and many more which might be added, are, however, of rude and colossal magnitude compared with the delicate organisations of the vegetable and animal world. In the former, we have structures so fine, that they only

become visible to the naked eye when growing in myriads; in the latter, animalculæ so minute, that a microscope of high power is required to detect them. Let us take, for example, the *Achlya prolifera*, whose soft silky threads may sometimes be seen adhering to the surface of gold-fishes, and covering them, as it were, with a whitish slime. This appearance is generally looked upon as a species of decay or consumption in the animal itself, and not as an external clothing of parasitic plants. It is, however, a true vegetable growth, each individual consisting of a single stalk, with a minute pear-shaped ball on the top, containing numerous grains, which are the seeds or embryos of future plants. Dr. Unger describes this tiny organism, when at its full growth, as consisting of transparent threads of extreme fineness, packed together as closely as the pile of velvet, and much resembling in general appearance certain kinds of mouldiness. When placed under the microscope—for the unassisted eye can perceive nothing of its true construction—each thread is terminated by the pear-shaped ball already alluded to, which is about 1—1200th of an inch in diameter, and consists of a single cell filled with a mucilaginous fluid, in which float the procreative granules. The contents of this cell are seen to be in constant motion from the earliest stage of their existence; but as they advance to maturity, the mucilage disappears, and then the motion of the granules becomes more rapid and violent, till ultimately they burst their way through the cell, and are transferred to the water, there to perform their circle of being, and to give birth to new races of grannules. All this takes place with such amazing rapidity, that we are assured an hour or two suffices for the complete development and escape of the spores; so that we need not wonder when we are told that, once established, the *Achlya prolifera* will often complete the destruction of a healthy gold-fish in less than twelve hours. Here, then, we have a little organism—and it is only one among a thousand which might be named—composed of parts for attachment, for growth, for support, and for reproduction, each in its kind as perfect and as unerring in its results, though visible only to the microscope, as the most gigantic cedar. Ask the most ingenious mechanic to fashion one of its filaments in model with all its cells, one of its reproductive balls with its thousand spores, and, waiving altogether the attribute of life, he could no more produce such a complexity of parts than he could his own existence.

Let us pass now to the animal world, where the minuteness of the mechanism is still more wonderful, inasmuch as creatures visible only through a powerful microscope are endowed with organs for locomotion, organs offensive and defensive, organs for digestion, reproduction, and the other functions of the animal economy. And these organs, be it observed, not simple, but complex; composed of parts, jointed and articulated, and these parts each furnished with nerves for circulation and sensation. The minutest part of the most delicate mechanism ever fashioned by human hands must have dimensions appreciable to the eye or hand. But what shall we say of the component parts of animalculæ, where the entire creature can only be discerned through the lenses of the microscope? 'Upon looking,' says Dr. Mantell, 'through an instrument magnifying forty-thousand times in superficial dimensions, we find a drop or two of pond water swarming with animals of various shapes and magnitudes. Some are darting through the fluid with great rapidity, while others are pursuing and devouring creatures more infinitesimal than themselves. Many are attached to the twig of pond weed by long delicate threads; several have their bodies enclosed in a transparent tube, from one end of which the animal partly protrudes, and then recedes; while numbers are covered by an elegant shell or case. The minutest kinds—the Monads—many of which are so small, that millions might be contained in a single drop of water, appear like mere animated globules, free, single, and of various colours, sporting about in every direction. Numerous species resemble pearly or opaline cups or vases, fringed round the margin with delicate fibres, that are in constant oscillation. Some of these are attached by spiral tendrils; others are united by a slender stem to one common trunk, appearing like a bunch of harebells; others are of a globular form, and grouped together in a definite pattern on a tabular or spherical membranous case for a certain period of their existence, and ultimately become detached and locomotive; while many are permanently clustered together, and die if separated from the parent mass. No

organs of progressive motion similar to those of beasts, birds, or fishes, are observable in these beings; yet they traverse the water with rapidity, without the aid of limbs or fins; and though many species are destitute of eyes, yet all possess an accurate perception of the presence of other bodies, and pursue and capture their prey with unerring purpose.' The *Monas termo*, for example, has been calculated to measure about the 22,000th part of an inch in its transverse diameter; and so numerously does this animalcule sometimes appear in putrid infusions, that not fewer than ten thousand millions must be contained in a cubic inch—a number of living and active organised beings greater than the number of human inhabitants upon the whole surface of the globe!

THE SAHARA AND ITS TRIBES.

To form a correct conception of the Sahara, our readers must dismiss from their minds all the loose and fantastic conceptions which have been attached, from time immemorial, to the interior of Northern Africa. Instead of a torrid region, where boundless steppes of burning sand are abandoned to the roving horsemen of the desert, and to beasts of prey, and where the last vestiges of Moorish civilisation expire long before the traveller arrives at Negroland and the savage communities of the interior, the Sahara is now ascertained to consist of a vast archipelago of oases; each of them peopled by a tribe of the Moorish race or its offsets, more civilised, and more capable of receiving the lessons of civilisation, than the houseless Arabs of the Tell [the mountainous tract lying between the Great Desert and the sea]—cultivating the date-tree with application and ingenuity, inhabiting walled towns, living under a regular government, for the most part of a popular origin—carrying to some perfection certain branches of native manufactures, and keeping up an extensive system of commercial intercourse with the northern and central parts of the African continent, and from Mogador to Mecca, by the enterprise and activity of their caravans. Each of the oases of the Sahara—which are divided from one another by sandy tracts, bearing shrubs and plants fit only for the nourishment of cattle—presents an animated group of towns and villages. Every village is encircled by a profusion of fruit-bearing trees. The palm is the monarch of their orchards, as much by the grace of its form, as by the value of its productions; and the pomegranate, the fig-tree, and the apricot, cluster around its lofty stem. The lions, and other beasts of prey, with which poetry has peopled the African wilds, are to be met with only in the mountains of the Tell—never in the plains of the Sahara. The robber tribes of the Tuaregs frequent the southern frontier of the Sahara, and the last tracts of habitable land which intervene between these oases and the real desert; but in the Sahara itself, communications, carried on after the fashion of the country, are regular and secure. War is, indeed, of frequent occurrence between the neighbouring tribes, either for the possession of disputed territories, or the revenge of supposed injuries; but all that is yet known of those singular communities, shows them to be living in a completely constituted state of civil society—eminently adapted to the peculiar part of the globe which they inhabit—governed by the strong traditions of a primitive people—and fulfilling, with energy and intelligence, the strange vocation of their life.—*Edinburgh Review.*

ARAB SCHOOL IN ALGIERS.

It was a building adjoining the principal mosque. We saw about twenty children seated confusedly on mats, studying and repeating aloud the lessons they had been set to learn. They repeated these lessons in a sort of singing tone, accompanied by a continued movement of the body. In the midst of all this stunning noise, the Arab schoolmaster communicated his instructions. He was a poor marabout or priest, whose only source of subsistence was the emolument he derived from his little class, together with the payment he received from some sheiks for chanting the Koran. No regular method of teaching was observed in the Arab school. Each scholar was furnished with a little piece of varnished wood, on which the master traced a few letters of the alphabet. When the lesson was learned, the master rubbed the piece of board with a wet rag, and having obliterated the old lesson, he traced a new one. The instruction was not collective: the master successively called up each pupil, showed him his lesson, and then sent him back to his place to learn it. In front of the

little building in which the marabout had established his school, there was inscribed the following appropriate passage from the Koran:—'During the first seven years of life, let the child play; during the next seven years, instruct and correct him; during the seven following years, send him forth into the world, so that he may acquire and adopt its usages—the man will then be perfect!'—*Visit to Algeria.*

NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.

'Not to myself alone,
The little opening flower transported cries—
'Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breeze I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes:
The bee comes sipping, every eventide,
His dainty fill;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threatening ill.'

'Not to myself alone,'
The circling star with honest pride doth boast—
'Not to myself alone I rise and set;
I write upon night's coronal of jet
His power and skill who formed our myriad host:
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,
His home on high.'

'Not to myself alone,'
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum—
'Not to myself alone from flower to flower
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come:
For man, for man the luscious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if this repay my ceaseless toll—
A scanty share.'

'Not to myself alone,'
The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings—
'Not to myself alone I raise the song:
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
And God adore;
I call the worldling from his dress to turn,
And sing and soar.'

'Not to myself alone,'
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way—
'Not to myself alone I sparkling glide:
I scatter life and health on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and flow'r gay;
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
My gladsome tune;
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
In droughty June.'

'Not to myself alone'—
Oh man, forget not thou, earth's honoured priest!
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part.
Chiefest of guests at love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,
And self disown;
Live to thy neighbour, live unto thy God,
Not to thyself alone.

S. W. P.

ROUTINE EDUCATION.

It is related by Miss Edgeworth, that a gentleman, while attending an examination of a school, where every question was answered with the greatest promptness, put some questions to the pupils which were not exactly the same as found in the book. After numerous ready answers to their teacher on the subject of geography, he asked one of the pupils where Turkey was; she answered, rather hesitatingly, 'In the yard with the poultry!'

OPINIONS.

Beware of hating men for their opinions, or of adopting their doctrines because you love and venerate their virtues.—*Sir J. Mackintosh.*

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